

# I did not kill Osborne

By VICTOR BRIDGES

**SYNOPSIS:** The "Seagull" has dropped anchor off Hambride, where its passengers have gone to trace a formula worth millions which belongs to Molly Osborne. Molly is aboard, as are Nicholas Treach, Jerry Mordant and Jimmy Fox, a boy protégé of Nick's. Aligned against the four are the forces of the unscrupulous Peter Orlov, John Osborne, who first stole the formula from Molly, and the "Seagull" passengers who learn something from the people who boarded him there.

## ARRIVAL

THE farmer's wife is probably an old hag of about ninety-two with a wart on the end of her nose," said Jerry.

"That's no reason why she shouldn't be helpful," I protested, "so long as we approach her the right way. I expect Aron's secretary frightened her to death."

"Well, you shall have that go," said he, "if that's no good I'll see how my own appeal works."

"But supposing she has nothing to tell," persisted Molly. "What are we going to do then?"

"Nick and I were talking it over last night. We decided that unless something turns up here our best plan will be to get into touch with Aron and let him know how things stand. He can pull any amount of strings we can't, and he'll probably

each side of which the tide was beating in a smother of dirty-looking froth. It was an ugly enough place in all conscience.

"Stand by for the jib sheet," shouted Jerry.

As he spoke he thrust over the tiller, and swinging round on the other tack, we headed straight for the center. There was a swirl of broken water on both sides of us, and a blinding shower of surf splashed up into my face.

At the same instant my foot trod upon something soft, which, to judge by the protesting yelp that followed, was evidently George. Then the plunging deck suddenly



We bowled along briskly in the fresh breeze.

and some way of putting a stopper on Mr. Orlov."

"I suppose you're right," agreed Molly reluctantly, "though it would be ever so much nicer if we could manage by ourselves."

Southern pier, with its rapidly palling lights, was by this time well astern of us. We were heading north-east, and away on our left the Essex coast lay desolate and grey in the early morning light.

To seaward, the Maplin Sands were already covered by the rising tide. Along their treacherous edge a succession of big black conical buoys dipped and swung amongst the tossing water, while overhead the gulls shrieked and circled as though resenting our intrusion into their private hunting grounds.

Keeping well inside, and taking the precaution of sounding occasionally with the boat-hook, we bowled along briskly in the fresh off-shore wind.

**BEYOND** Shoeburyness, with its two posts marking the measured Admiralty mile, there was little to be seen but a dreary expanse of marshland. Now and then a clump of trees rose above the roof of some isolated farm-house, but their weather-beaten foliage, standing up against the sombre sky, only seemed to intensify the surrounding desolation.

It was an appropriate setting for the queer and rather forlorn enterprise upon which we were embarked.

We had covered about another two miles when, with a sudden gesture, Jerry pointed towards a squat circular-shaped object which had just become visible round a bend in the coast.

"That's the powder factory," he announced. "That elegant-looking place with the flat top; you'll see it better as soon as we're past the point."

Molly jumped to her feet and we both stared eagerly across the intervening water.

"It will be a dead heat in," he continued, "but we've just hit it off nicely. There's a strong current, and even if we do touch, the tide will probably take us over."

"I shall be very annoyed if it doesn't," I said. "I'm beginning to want my breakfast."

We held on steadily until a small red buoy, which apparently marked the channel, bobbed past on our port side, and then changing his course, Jerry began to bear in towards the shore.

As we approached nearer the entrance came into view—a narrow opening between two mud flats on

each side of which the tide was beating in a smother of dirty-looking froth. It was an ugly enough place in all conscience.

## AUSTRIAN FAMILY MEMBERS TRAGED BY PEAR WRAPPER

SEATTLE—(Sp.)—Uniting members of a family in Vienna, Austria, with others in Seattle, was the extracurricular feat of a pear wrapper on a pear from either Washington or Oregon. Now Joe Kostler, 46 Hauptstrasse street, Vienna, will be hearing shortly from his cousin, John Prabolaw Buchinger, of 8338 Empire way, Seattle, and from several other relatives in this vicinity, after a lapse of a great many years.

Mr. Kostler bought some pears in Vienna, and the wrap advertised a recipe book obtainable from the Oregon-Washington Pear Bureau, 609 Rankin building, Seattle. So Mr. Kostler wrote a long letter to the pear bureau, giving the branches of the family tree, together with old addresses, and a plea that someone at the pear bureau attempt to locate one of the relatives.

## ASHLAND ORDERS MINERAL SPRINGS PURCHASE TODAY

ASHLAND, Jan. 7—(Sp.)—Acting upon the decisive expression of the voters of Ashland at the Thursday election, the city council has instructed City Attorney Frank J. Van Dyke to work out the contract for the purchase of the Pompadour Mineral Springs and complete negotiations before the option expires today.

This action was taken at the first meeting of the year, in which Mayor T. S. Wiley pointed out the improvements made in the various city departments during the past year and expressed his hopes of what should take place in the future.

The mayor pointed to such im-

provements as the audit in the recorder's office, the purchase of a new police car and the x-ray machine in the Community hospital, the soundness of municipal finances, the SERA Reeder dam project, the "splendid" work of the police department, and that only 7 per cent of bills owed the city are listed as uncollected. He stated that the police department had made 90 arrests, collected \$832 in fines, and had earned \$410.50 by issuing temporary auto licenses.

Appointments of department heads and council committees were announced with no changes being made in the city appointive offices. Department heads who remain in office are: C. P. Talent, chief of police; C. J. Baughman, fire chief; Frank Davis, street department; Elmer Bieler, electric department; Earl Hoeler, water superintendent; G. M. Frost, cemetery department, and Frank Van Dyke, city attorney.

**Millions of Ducks Flee Storm**  
SANDUSKY, Ohio (UP)—Literally millions of ducks swarmed over Sandusky Bay on Lake Erie on one day recently, fleeing storms from the north.

## S'MATTER POP—

## TAILS-IN-TWO—

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—

## THE NEBBS—

## BRINGING UP FATHER

## BAER WILL BATTLE SOMETIME IN MARCH

CHICAGO, Jan. 7—(Sp.)—Max Baer, who believes fight fans should be given frequent opportunities to watch the heavyweight champion of the world, has agreed to terms for a 10-round, no-decision bout in the Chicago stadium some time in March.

The champion's opponent probably will be selected from among Steve Hama, Max Schmeling, former title holder, Art Lasky and Primo Carnera, from whom he won the crown last June. The title will not be at stake except in the event of a knockout.

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## ASHLAND RAILROAD VETERAN RETIRES

ASHLAND, Jan. 7—(Sp.)—James E. Thomas, resident of this city for the past 20 years, was retired on January 1, 1935, from service for the Southern Pacific railroad.

Mr. Thomas has been employed with the Southern Pacific for the past 44 years, first as a brakeman, but for the largest part of the time as a passenger conductor working out of Dunsmuir during the entire time.

## CALL MUSIC TEACHERS TO TALK LEGISLATION

Members of the Oregon Music Teachers' association have been notified that a special meeting has been called by the association at the Central Public Library in Portland, January 10, for the purpose of considering proposed legislation for the betterment of music teachers in Oregon.

## LIGHT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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